

THE COMET.

BY F. T. COOPER.

JACKSON, MISS.

Saturday, October 18, 1879.

HINDS COUNTY DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

For Senators—H. District.
JAMES D. STEWART, of Hinds,
WILLIAM RATLIFF, of Rankin.
For Representatives.
T. A. McWILLIE, LOWIE WHITE, J.
M. SIMMONS, W. D. CARMICHAEL.
For District Attorney.
H. S. FOOTE, JR.
For Sheriff.
FARRAR MORRISON.
For Circuit Clerk.
SAMUEL LIVINGSTON.
For County Clerk.
WILLIAM T. RATLIFF.
For Treasurer.
D. Y. HOWELL.
For Assessor.
B. W. HENRY.
For Surveyor.
WILLIAM SHELTON.
For Coroner and Ex-officio.
T. J. HUNTER.

Meridian has had it bad—Pinefort.

February, 1880 will contain five Sundays.

Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar speaks at Meridian to-night.

Senator Lamar is in favor of Bayard for the Presidency.

Sam'l B. McLain, of Florida, returning Board fame, is dead.

Yellow Fever at Centerville, La., Hopefield and Forest City, Ark.

No matter how much a candidate itches for office, he never likes to be scratched.

Sheriff Wilson, of Bolivar county, died at Concordia, on the 9th, of yellow fever.

Foster was the lucky man in the Ohio lottery, on Gen. Ewing still holds his seat in Congress.

The indefatigable conductors of the Meridian Mercury will soon begin the issue of a daily.

Hon. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, has accepted the Democratic nomination for Governor of Massachusetts.

PROF. WISE and the unwise gentleman who accompanied him on his aerial voyage, have been given up as lost.

The National Greenback Convention to nominate a candidate for President, will meet at St. Louis in January 1880.

The press of the country have betrothed U. S. Grant, Jr., to Miss Jennie Flood, daughter of the Bonanza millionaire.

John Cameron, the bond thief, has been sentenced to imprisonment for the term of ten years, and fined in the sum of \$500.

Wm. H. Cochran, a bank cashier at Centralia, Wis., shot and killed Judge Hayden, recently in that town. A woman at the bottom of it.

The steamer Katie P. Kuntz, from St. Louis to Baton Rouge, sank near Memphis Wednesday; she had 500 tons of freight. No insurance.

Mrs. Langtry, the celebrated London beauty, has sued the newspaper that originated the report that her husband was suing her for divorce.

Mr. Howard Kyle, of Canton, was shot seriously by a horse that whom he was trying to arrest, recently. Kyle is in a precarious condition.

Hon. GEORGE S. DONOVAN, we understand will be a candidate for the clerkship of the House of Representatives. He would make a good officer if elected.

They have got a cold State Senator at last in Ohio, and his name is George W. Williams. Now our McLeod, will show what he has lost by Carphagging to Mississippi.

Some Greenbacker who seems to be informed on the subject, writes to the Brandon Republican that the G. B. is on this side of the river will not support Skinner.

Two hundred and sixty-seven farmers, all with families and sufficient means to make them comfortable, left England for Texas recently. This is the kind of immigration Mississippi needs.

J. WALTON, of Wayne county, was recently convicted of the crime of murder. James Sullivan being his victim, and sentenced to be hanged on the 30th day of December next.

A colored preacher's argument—"Publicans are mentioned in the bible more than a thousand times, but you don't see Democrat once." Which was a knock down argument with his hearers.

The Republican Committee of Ohio only claim 17,000 majority for Foster, both houses of the Legislature are probably Republican; which will give the Republican a Senator in place of Judge Thurman, in all probability Garfield.

A Vermont correspondent of the Chicago Times says of the Southern people, that "The men exult with a proud boast that they are Mississippians, or Georgians, or Virginians, but never that they are Americans. They often refer to their State flag, but never to the Stars and Stripes." All of which is proven to be a malicious slander by the speeches and utterances of our public men and representatives in the halls of Congress.

Latest Fever News.

On Thursday there were ten new cases of fever at Memphis, and four deaths. No late report from Concordia.

LAMAR.

His Speech in the Hall of the House of Representatives Last Tuesday Night.

A STATESMANLY EFFORT.

The people of Mississippi have come to recognize Col. Lamar as a true champion of their rights and material interests in the new era—in the restored union of the States. The people of the South have had their eyes turned upon him as a faithful and manly exponent of the genuine conservatism and statesmanship of this section. The people of the entire nation look upon him as a man of brain and lofty patriotism, in whose counsels can be found wisdom, moderation and safety.

It so happens that Lamar has had thrust upon him positions of high prominence and great importance, which demanded wise and prudent action, and which has riveted the attention of different sections and different parties on his course. And it so happens that he has been able to meet every great emergency frankly, fairly and squarely, and to come out of it with increasing laurels and added honors.

We do not claim to be his champion or his special defender. We have differed from him on some vital points. But it is only simple justice to say that he has done more for Mississippi, more for the South, more for the country at large, than any other Southern man since the surrender. Perhaps his ability to do this was accidental. He that it may. He stands to-day and has stood since his entrance into politics after the war, as an open and well-defined figure of the Democratic conservatism of the Southern States—one of the personal embodiments of Southern capacity to become re-united to the United States—as an epitome of the restorative essence of the South.

He has met and dispelled the thunder of the bloody shibboleths by showing that there was nothing for them to fight here. He has disarmed the foes of our State and section by proving, so far as he was concerned, that the South was more true to the honor of the country, the republicanism of our fathers, and the great charter of government which the fathers gave us, than they were. He has largely helped to quench the constantly menacing flame of Northern indignation against us by simply removing their kindling wood.

The opportunity for working out a great and an enduring good for the South was given to Lamar, and the fact that he was able to see it, and to rise above all the petty, contemned, temporizing, sectional and purely partisan considerations, and strike out boldly for the substance of reconstruction and true government—not their glittering and delusive shadows—shows that he is a statesman and worthy of the trust of a brave and high-toned constituency. The fact that he could look beyond the bitter animadversions of the hour and courageously do what his judgment sanctioned as the best thing to do for his people—albeit they disapproved it at the time—shows that he is a man of nerve, who cannot be swayed from the path of honor, integrity and faithfulness. And when a large portion of the press of this State were heaping abuse upon him, the Legislature instructing him to vote against his conviction, and a swarm of political ducks were threatening to peck him to pieces, the fact that he was able to brush away all these big and little flies, and still stand by his manhood, still subordinate partyism to patriotism, and still work for the grand triumph of an enlarged statesmanship, the solid deliverance of his State, section and country from the hands of men who were dwarfing the national government to their own belittled conceptions of loyalty, shows that he is a man of true greatness.

We would trace the career of Lamar in Congress and easily point out at every leading episode of it the wholesome underlying principles which have shaped his conduct. And it is a singular truth in his history that the very acts for which he has been most abused and censured, are the ones which have contributed most to his personal triumph, and the restoration of the South to a controlling power in the United States government. In his eulogy upon Charles Sumner, for which he has had a periodic slice of vituperation and impeachment heaped upon his head, he seized a fitting occasion to utter sentiments which will go down to posterity as eminently honorable to the heart of a manly and brave antagonist, and at the same time he showed between them timely words of defense and vindication of the South that were heard all over the North. It gave him the ear of the North and of the Republican party—the foes of the South and of those who were honestly ignorant of her feelings, and he used the opportunity to dispel the mists of prejudice and show the groundlessness of their continued animosity. It was the first Northern audience any Southern man had after the war. Let us have no more slurs upon this so-called "Sumner Eulogy." It was a perfect test stroke for the South. It opened the way for a hearty reconciliation of the nations, without which there can be no enduring peace and prosperity and happiness.

Col. Lamar's speech in Jackson, was mainly devoted to an explanation and defense of his course in Congress, and, as we have already given a synopsis of his Oxford speech, in which he went over substantially the same ground, we will attempt no elaborate report here. He gave a full and most interesting exposition of the history of the Electoral Commission, voted for the bill authorizing it, as did every other Democratic Senator save one, and a large majority of the Democratic members. He showed that this was a Democratic measure, and he drew a vivid picture of the results of any attempt on the part of Southern Democracy to manage a President elected, with the Senate, the Administration, the Army and Navy against them. He satisfied his hearers that such an attempt would have been the maddest of folly, and would have resulted in plunging the land into another internecine war in which the hostile forces would have assumed the same relative positions of the late struggle.

Col. Lamar might have gone further than he did on this point. He could have truthfully cited the fact that there was at the time this question was before Congress, a silent but united demand throughout the entire length and breadth of the South for a peaceful solution of the question. If their members of Congress had heeded it they might have written "wo!" upon their foreheads and expected nothing but exorcism from their constituents. But strange to say, because the action of the Commission was different from that which they had a right to expect, there pops up here and there men who are illiberal enough to condemn their Congressmen for an act demanded by their own stern rebukes at the time, and by the highest considerations of prudence, safety and patriotism!

Upon the question of the right of a Legislature to instruct their Senators, Col. Lamar's position is impregnable, and unanswerable. He devoted considerable time to this interesting feature of his address, but we have already given his points and deem it unnecessary to repeat them here.

The Representatives Hall was filled to its utmost capacity by a very intelligent and attentive audience. The speaker occupied the space of nearly three hours, and his address, for ability and a high order of patriotism, would compare with those healthy masterpieces of Webster and Calhoun.

But I left Brooks, the chronic candidate, in the stand, and he might stay there until father Gabriel blows his omnibus horn, for all the votes he'll get by such performances. It is due Brooks, however, to say that he is a funny speaker, and I'm going to say it, but I don't mean that he is humorous. "It's not that," but his gestures are so

funny. It's the way he uses his hands; that that's his strong point. His gestures were funny that they actually threw the boys into convulsions of hilarity. I am prepared to prove that he can beat Charlie Hall in the art of sawing the air.

Brooks spoke, or rather harangued for nearly three hours. But there wasn't anything in his speech. There never is. While he was speaking several pertinent questions were fired at him by both colors, but he refused to take cognizance of them. He is a man of no magnetism whatever; and his failure to hold the crowd was distinctly apparent. When he finished he "desisted," he didn't have one-half the number that listened attentively to Hartsell.

The Independents, sometimes called scapitals, were charged and disappointed with their days work. Evidently they felt very much piqued. It is an expressed belief here that they were spoiling for a fight. Even when Brooks was asked questions, they swelled up like turkey gobblers, displaying their animus and side-arms. But no fight could be had. The Democrats of Brandon possess too much discretion for that. No expression from their pockets—the walk had the desired effect. The Democrats of Brandon don't have political capital made that way. Besides, they are for peace. The kind that the Palmist speaks of. We don't want any war in "our'n."

We've been kicked by a mule.

After the speaking the flag bearer, a half-breed like the Arab of old, pulled his flag off the cane, folded it and stole silently away. He seemed disgusted. Not a fight occurred the whole day. Not an arrest was made.

Democratic in this county seem to be glad that the Republicans have put out a threat in Hinds. They aver that they had rather make the canvass with thorough-breds than with half-breds and scabals. The Democracy of this county is safe from top to bottom, by a large majority.

E. S. W.

THE OHIO ELECTION.

As generally expected, the Republicans have carried Ohio. This is a great misfortune to the country, but it is only shortly. It is the swift vengeance of the Republican sentiment in the North against what was arrogantly supposed to be the aggressive and destructive temper of the Democratic Congress in their last extra session. The inevitable reaction will come on the sober second thought. It was better to lose Ohio this year, than to lose her on the National verdict next year. And Ohio, having been carried, as she thinks, will be able to see her way clearly in 1880 to vote for the incoming Democratic President.

The New York Sun handles John Kelly without gloves; this sentence from a speech recently delivered by Kelly at Troy, is the text for Mr. Dana's article: "I have never given any orders that were not with the object of benefiting the city and people of New York." In reference to which, Mr. Dana says:

"Orders"—orders to whom? Possibly he may mean orders to the Governor of the State, for he seems to labor under the hallucination that although Lucius Robinson was elected Governor by the people, John Kelly is to "order" him how to execute the office.

It is not about time this farce was played out? A man traversing the State and talking to freedom to the most offensive strain that could be assumed by an absolute monarch is not an edifying spectacle.

A Ute Chief's Eloquence.

From the Laramie Times.

Warriors, I have called you around the council fire to talk with you. We are not a great nation. The bones of our people are bleaching in the home of the pale face. We are becoming more and more wretched. The buffalo and the elk, too, have disappeared before the pale face. Grass is growing in the war-path. The white man took away our lands and built narrow gauge railroads over them. My people are few. I shout, and their voices come back to me in the wind. Our camp fires have gone out and we are compelled to use the buffalo of the pale face. The jerked buffalo of our fathers has disappeared, and the white man's porter-house steak and jerked pan-fakes are given us to keep away starvation. These are our wrongs. We have called on the Great Father at Washington for redress, and he told us to "brace up." Are those the words of a kind father to his children? We asked again, and he told us to "cheer up." Is that the talk of a great chief? No! We are dropping off like autumn leaves. The toes of the red man are turning up on every hand. (Cries of "Oh, let up!" from galleries.) We are not a handful. Where were our warriors when the sands of the sea now there is not a corporal's guard. There are not enough to make a pin. The Great Spirit does not like this. He has intimated as much to me. He has said that the eagle will not be the pale face. He has said that the eagle will not be the pale face. He has said that the eagle will not be the pale face.

Brooks then cleared his throat and took the stand. Brooks is better known in this county than Hartsell—by the men as being a chronic candidate for the Legislature since the war, and by the women as being the collector of tax-in-kind during the war. But neither of them are Mississippians. Nevertheless these people all know Brooks. He is no stranger to them. It is the same turbulent stream that has invariably swollen (biennially) for the past decade, to crockily course its way to the city of Jackson. But its efforts have been futile. It can't get there. The farmer, figuratively speaking, won't take kindly to it, and the merchant refuses no confidence in the reliability of the land it irrigates. Its attempt to go to Jackson is absurd. There are too many hill-side ditches, and other impediments in the way. It matters not how much fall rain we have nor how much its current is swelled, the result is the same. It had better abandon all such futile hopes, for its efforts in the future, like those in the past, will certainly prove unsuccessful. It is the same muddy stream that has rolled up his pantaloons and waded in '77. It hasn't widened a particle; and it has filled perceptibly. It is becoming exceedingly shallow.

But I left Brooks, the chronic candidate, in the stand, and he might stay there until father Gabriel blows his omnibus horn, for all the votes he'll get by such performances. It is due Brooks, however, to say that he is a funny speaker, and I'm going to say it, but I don't mean that he is humorous. "It's not that," but his gestures are so

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The Mutations of Fortune.

Correspondence of the Courier-Journal.

WASHINGTON, September 29.—The splendor of Gen. Grant's reception in California must recall to some, who are now living in San Francisco, the humble position which he occupied there less than a quarter of a century ago. Five years ago I was visiting a family of a retired army officer. They had purchased a farm near Quakertown, Pennsylvania, not far from the farm owned by Fletcher the actor. We frequently, in our drives, caught a glimpse of the actor and Lizzie Price, and the neighborhood was full of stories in regard to Fletcher's eccentricities.

After returning from our drive and taking supper we would gather around the center-table in the parlor and chat the most many things. Often the conversation turned on the President and Mrs. Grant. The now retired General had been Grant's senior officer, and his wife was one of Mrs. Grant's bridesmaids. The friendship between the four had been of long standing. I was shown the original articles of copartnership between the General and Grant when they opened a billiard saloon in San Francisco. The General held an inferior rank at that time, and Grant, to avoid being cashiered for habitual intemperance, had resigned his captaincy in the army. The General furnished the money to open the saloon. The humble saloon, Grant kept "the tally." But the profits did not justify the keeping of the billiard saloon, and the place was given up, Grant falling back upon his father-in-law's farm near St. Louis, where his wife and son resided. He made himself useful to old Mr. Don by driving to town on the leads of a mule, which he took to the market for sale. And now behold the spectacle of a man who failed to keep a successful billiard saloon receiving the honors of a great potentate, and the most celebrated hero of the age!

How an Immense Whale was Killed.

From the Raleigh, N. C., Observer.

He said, as he took his pipe out of his teeth: "That whale was the size of sixty feet long, and was hauled in by the crew of the ship. They were on the lookout for the annual visitation of the school of whales that plow these waters. This one was discovered. It was an old one with a sucking calf, and was four miles off at sea. After considerable time was spent in overhauling the calf and harpooned it, when the old cow showed as much affection and anxiety for the escape of its young, as ever did any animal out of the sea.

The little bull calf, with the harpoon in him, was hauled around it, and every effort to get it to follow her. Now and then he would make a rapid start through the water, dragging the boat from him, but would soon stop for pain and exhaustion. The old cow would have yielded more than 1,000 gallons. Captain Willis thought that she must have weighed 225,000 pounds at least; altogether she sold for \$2500. The skeleton of this whale is still on the side of the boat, and will be used for the skeleton of the landing of the cow the calf rose to the surface, and washed ashore. These are facts known to your correspondent, as wonderful as they may seem to those who go down to the sea in ships.

A Reminiscence of Mormonism.

Exchange.

The woman who 30 years ago was the acknowledged belle of Halifax is now residing in or near Boston. Halifax is still proud of the beauty of which she was the possessor. One most promising young man blew his brains out with a pistol because he could not induce her to marry him. Other young men were about crazy over her, but the one of her own choice treated her as haughtily as she treated her admirers, and she left the city and came to Boston. Here she became a Mormon, and took her to Salt Lake City. Not long since she returned, says the Boston Traveller, to her former home in that city, wrinkled and haggard, looking more like a poor Indian squaw, than like the proud beauty whom her friends had known.

"Jacob and Katherine."

"Jacob Straus," said the magistrate in Essex Market Court yesterday. An awkward looking German had stepped forward. "Mr. Catherine Straus," said the justice. A long, lank German lass advanced. "You are man and wife?" "Yah," answered Jacob. "And you had a quarrel?" "Yah," answered Katherine Straus. "Mrs. Straus has a black eye, which her husband gave her?" "Und a pooley plus and black eye it was," said the wife, crying.

"But Mr. Straus declares that he is very sorry he hit her, begs her forgiveness, and says he will not do so again." "So help me! If I don't you look me oop and send for me."

"Will you pardon him, Mrs. Straus?" "I don't like that young man to get punished so quick, as only three months married," said she, eyeing her spouse askance.

"Will you be ever so good hereafter Mr. Straus?"

"I'll send you von vord nit crossness mit her no more."

"You are both satisfied?"

"Yah," together.

"Let me see you make up then."

"Katherine," cried the wife, advancing toward Mr. Straus.

"Katherine," said the husband, as he embraced her affectionately with one arm, and wiped away a tear on the coat sleeve of the other.

A Cure for Shyness.

Those young persons whose shyness proceeds from an undue self-consciousness, may be benefited by the following remark of Sydney Smith: "I was once very shy, but it was not long before I made two very useful discoveries—first, that all mankind were not ashy employed in observing me (to be told that young people have); and next, that shyness was of no use—that the world was very clear-sighted, and soon estimated a man at his value. This cured me, and I determined to be natural and let the world find me out."

Charles G. Leland, the well known American author, has come out with a little biography of Lincoln. Its style is said to indicate that it was written chiefly for Englishmen, among whom Leland is now residing.

Notes from the Stage.

Blind Tom is in Chicago.

Alce Oates is in Louisville.

Edwin Booth is in Baltimore.

Mapleson has offered Minnie Hancok \$1000 per night, for an American season.

Buffalo Bill is at the Chicago Opera House.

Clara Klaton is still going it blind in the Two Orphans.

Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels are yet in California.

Maggie Mitchell's performances in Pittsburg are crowded.

F. G. White is trying Rip in Indianapolis.

Clara Morris plays the Royal Favorite at Haverly's, Brooklyn.

Oliver Dowd Byron is still playing Across the Continent.

There are fourteen Pinafore companies on the road.

Bartley Campbell's Fate is being rehearsed in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard are playing Uncle Tom's Cabin, in Baltimore.

Lawrence Barrett remains in Pittsburg.

Deleahy and Hanger's minstrels have seventy-five performances.

Robson and Crane drew fair houses in San Francisco; play, A. D. 1900.

Joe Jefferson is playing Rip at the new Park theater, Brooklyn.

Samuel Kayser, dilettante, is reading, in costume, in Chicago.

The Berger family are in Indianapolis, doing good business.

Denman Thompson gave Indianapolis six nights, of Joshua Whitcomb.

Miss Eugenia Blair has attracted attention at Hamilton's, Chicago.

John T. Hinde is playing Shaughraun, at the Lyceum, Chicago.

The new Lindgar company is composed of rather poor material.

Mr. Sothorn has found the Crushed Tragedy so popular at the Park, that there is no necessity for a change of bill.

Milton Nobles is at Columbus.

Louise Pamelty is playing in Michigan.

Lotta is acting Zip, in Chicago.

Mary Anderson is on her way to the Lake City.

Adah Richmond has closed an unprofitable week in Washington. The attendance was equal to the merits of the combination.

At the opera, in Indianapolis, Nick Robert's Hamlet Dumpty, is being performed to moderately sized audiences.

Handmann's revival of Tom Taylor's Narcisse, at the Standard, New York, has been a great success. Mrs. Handmann has made a decided hit, especially in tasteful and rich costumes.

Max Maretzky's opera, Sleepy Hollow, has not been fortunate. The music is good and the plot interesting, but people will not go to hear it. It has been superseded, not go to hear it.

Washington Irving seems to be losing his hold upon the play-going public. The fate of Wolfert's Roost, at Wallack's, and Sleepy Hollow, at the Academy, were overshadowed by the failure of Rip Van Winkle at the Fifth Avenue.

McKee Rankin played Danites, in Indianapolis. At the close of the matinee, September 28th, he was arrested on two attachments from the Superior Court, for debts contracted during his management of the Two Orphans.

Mr. Johnson, the agent, was also arrested, and both were confined in the jail until 6 p. m., when they were released upon a technical point, and left the city, the company following after an evening performance, to St. Louis.—N. O. Times.

A SPECIAL TEAM OF THE CHANCERY COURT OF THE 1st DISTRICT OF HINDS COUNTY, WILL BE HELD ON THE 1st MONDAY IN DECEMBER NEXT, AND CONTINUE UNTIL THE 15th OF JANUARY NEXT. THIS COURT WILL BE HELD AT THE COURT HOUSE, JACKSON, MISS., AT 10 O'CLOCK, A. M.

E. G. FREYTON, Chancellor.

Notice.

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JOHN SHARP, BOOT MAKER.

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